Shadows - 'He still hears Hannibal's voice instead of his own'

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by reid_simp

Summary

Because he knows if Hannibal got to him, he'd give in. He doesn't think he could deny him again. And the thought terrifies him.
The thought that one day, Hannibal will find his way out terrifies him. Or that one day, he'll give in to the temptation of visiting him, giving in to the constant urge and becoming his experiment again.

a lil exploration of molly and will's relationship and how it's affected by Will's past, but it's mostly just will angst

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

Despite knowing Hanibal is locked away, and that even if he wasn't, he doesn't know where Will lives, he often has an awful feeling that he's there, lurking in the background, waiting for a moment of weakness or vulnerability, so perhaps he can finish the job the Italian police stopped him doing, or take him away from Molly and Walter, the only stability he's truly ever had.

There's always movement in the corner of his eye, a shadow drifting past. Sometimes it's Walter, or one of the dogs, or a tree, something innocent. Sometimes it's the remaining side effects of the encephalitis which never truly went away as he'd hoped. Either way, Will never grows accustomed to it happening, never comfortable with the certainty of Hannibal's incarceration.

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It's how he ends up sleeping on the sofa downstairs. Molly likes to sleep upstairs – in the main bedroom, he might add, so he doesn't blame her – and, despite her protests, he refuses to let her move them both down to the downstairs bedroom so Will is closer to the front door. About 2 nights a week he makes it through the night, or stays in bed at least, though most are plagued with nightmares. 2 nights he ends up downstairs, mostly from a nightmare, and 3 nights he doesn't sleep at all. Molly got him earplugs and noise cancelling headphones as a present for the anniversary of their first date. To help with the auditory hallucinations.

She also got him an eye mask to help with the visual hallucinations, but Will woke up with it having slipped over his mouth one night, and broke down thinking he had that awful, terrible mask over him again, back when he was meant to be a cannibal.

He supposes he is a cannibal. Not by choice, of course, because he'd never have chosen... that.

He wonders if Walter knows about that. Molly controlled what he found out, but he must hear things at school. He wonders just how much more he knows than what he's meant to, if he knows about him shooting Garrett Jacob Hobbs, about eating whatever Hannibal put in front of him because it was too outrageous to think it could be anything other than animal meat. Because it didn't even cross his mind.

On one of their earlier dates, when Molly didn't yet know about Will's aversion to meat, she'd invited him around to hers, having made dinner for him as a surprise. He assumed they'd get a takeaway, but she'd cooked up a storm: beautifully cooked steak with Will's favourite chips and delicious gravy made from chicken and beef.

It was the kindest thing anyone had ever done for Will. And it was the worst thing he's ever done, but he just couldn't do it. He'd sat at the table and smiled and crushed his thigh with the

palm of his hand to bear it, thanked her and told her what an incredible person she is. Almost told her he loved her right then and there.

It had all gone downhill when he took his first bite. Reminded him all too well of all too much. He thought of every kind breakfast he'd made, every dinner party. Reminded him of the sound of sizzling on the table stove in front of him when he'd been shot and drugged, when he stared at Jack's morphed face as Hannibal-… Molly then started to worry about him.

Until then, she'd only known parts. She'd promised she wouldn't google him on the agreement he'd answer any question she had. Be honest with her if she doesn't believe any news stories, particularly anything even remotely connected to Freddie Lounds. Even months after, she hadn't known the whole thing, not remotely. She still doesn't know how it felt to kill Hobbs, or how he wanted to run away with Hannibal.

Molly had leaned over, shaking him when he'd coughed up the bite he'd put in his mouth moments before.

He'd descended into a dissociative panic attack for the next twenty minutes, and the fact that Molly was prepared to have another date after that made Will know she was the one.

One time he had a fever, and he wouldn't calm down. The hallucinations picked up because his damaged brain was vulnerable to fever, and she'd taken him to the hospital and refused to leave until they let him have an MRI.

He still sees shadows in the corners, hears Hannibal's voice instead of his own, both as his internal monologue and the things he says. He still breaks down far too often, and only takes himself away from Walter for it most of the time. He still wakes up screaming, sweating so much he can tell Molly is disgusted, though she's the kindest person he knows. He still thinks he's in Baltimore, locked up like a caged bird, stripped of everything he knows. He still expects a call from Jack, expects himself to lose time and break down again and again. He still expects his fever to spike again, to forget who he is and think about killing people.

But he's still sure it's not so bad when Molly holds him through every nightmare, no matter how disgusted she is by his sweat. She talks him down when he hears Hannibal, sees dead bodies on the floor. She calms him down when he wakes up screaming, tells him where he is every time he even remotely looks like he doesn't know it. She takes his temperature every day he's paranoid, and shows him it's normal every time.

End Notes

very much trying to get some fanfics out quickly to finish today and tomorrow, so sorry if there are errors or if it's not very good!

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